

IF I LIVED IN A MOUNTAIN VALLEY

*If I lived high up, in a mountain vale
Where the meadowed, untilled sod,
And the flowered parks and the timbered trail
Are the handiwork of God;*

*Where the elfin deer in contentment roam,
Through pastures cool and sweet,
And the pine hen hides in her tree-top home
Away from the lowland heat.*

*If I could build me a cabin small
Where the cooling vespers blow
A thrilling, comforting bugle call
To the valleys far below—*

*The days that have blinded my eyes with tears,
And filled my heart with pain,
The deep complaint of unhappy years
Would seek for me there in vain.*

*I could squander the rest of my life away
In these valleys of the pines
Where the brooklets sing, and the tall trees sway,
To the music of the winds.*

*I could keep more in touch with the Infinite
And forget the world and its strife;
If I lived up there—but I have no right
To lead a selfish life.*

This beautiful poem was written by Mabel Jarvis and published in the locality history of Washington County, "Under Dixie Sun."